

Crossing the Boundary

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Category: Halo, X-overs

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: Cortana, Master Chief/John-117

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-04-20 06:30:49

Updated: 2013-04-20 06:30:49

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:12:00

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,979

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is a massive, insane crossover story that follows the lives of John 'Master Chief' Halsey, his wife Cortana, their family, and the friends of that family. Expect much chaos and zaniness mixed in with an ongoing story set in a dimensional crossroads. Oh just read it...I suck at summaries.

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****A Megacross Fic****

****By Insanity Lord****

****Disclaimer: I own only my own original characters in this fic. Kim, Abby, Christie, Ian, Claire, Ethan, and Brooke belong to somebody else too, I'm using them with permission. All canon characters belong to their respective creators/companies. Enjoy the crazy!****

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****Chapter One " Meet the Cast****

The Empire of Arhau, it was a dimensional crossroads. That meant that there was every chance that people from the infinite multiverse could drop in during the insanity known as the Solstice, when portals opened at random and deposited people and objects into the crossroads and generally caused a lot of chaos.

The residents were used to it, though. On the very edge of Toontown, there lived a military family. Part of the UNSC, they were Cortana Halsey and her husband John Halsey, the latter better known as Petty Officer Master Chief, the last remaining Spartan-II and hero of the Covenant War. He was also a father, having adopted seven children

several years ago.

The eldest daughter was Claire, and her fraternal twin brother was Ian. Both had moved out upon graduating college, but they still visited often. The middle children were triplets; Kimberly, Abigail, and Christine.

The youngest were another pair of fraternal twins, Ethan and Brooke. John was extremely protective of his little girls..._all of them_.

His next door neighbour across the road was a soldier too, working in the Imperial Military as a trainer. His name was Marax Neocene, and he had a wife named Miranda and a little girl named Misty. His daughter happened to be close friends with Brooke, and the two men could often be seen staring at each other from their yards as the girls visited each other.

Papa wolves, both of them. Marax was a tall man, at six-foot-two, with light brown hair and blue eyes, with a raggedly handsome face. He was in his thirties, and had a muscular frame born of years of military training and service.

Across town, at a creepy as hell black mansion with gargoyles on the roof, the legendary Dark Knight Sparda was seeing off his twin sons, Dante and Vergil, as they left to pick up the Halsey triplets for their first day of college. His lovely blonde and not red-headed wife Eva was next to him, his arm around her waist as she smiled. Despite having nineteen year old sons, she looked no older than twenty, her aging halted by magic so that she could live with her demonic husband.

In another section of the wealthy section of the city, at a three-floor mansion on a massive state dedicated to breeding and raising chocobos, a teenager was leaving home in a hurry, hopping on one foot as he yanked a boot on, a piece of toast between his teeth. He had short brown hair and green eyes, and despite his family wealth, chose to wear less extravagant clothing, namely jeans, a t-shirt, and a jacket. His name was Leon Kennedy Whitewood, heir to the Whitewood family and the largest chocobo breeding company in the Empire.

As he ran, a limo passed by. Within sat Bruce Wayne; the billionaire had moved to Arhao to get away from the madness of Gotham City for a little while. With him was Barbara Gordon, Tim Drake, and Dick Grayson. The older two were heading for their first day of college.

Back at the Halsey household, three identical girls with chocolate brown hair and sapphire blue eyes, with olive-skinned complexions and lean, curvaceous physiques (though they were short at 5'4") were leaving for the bus.

These were the Neapolitan Triplets. Kimberly, with her waist-length, long ringlets, was strawberry. Abigail, with her bobbed hair, was chocolate, and Christine, with her long twin ponytails, was vanilla. Kimberly was the more stylish of the triplets, wearing a lovely pink mini-dress. Abigail was the saucy one; she enjoyed flaunting her looks and wore a pair of leggings under a metallic off-shoulder shirt. Christine was the innocent one, and a little spacey, wearing a

miniskirt and low-cut top without actually realizing how it
_distracted _people when she did.

Needless to say, John tended to scare a lot of boys off.

Brooke, with her long brown hair and pretty violet eyes, was walking with her brother Ethan and her friend Misty to the high school bus. Brooke preferred the sweetheart lolita look, while Misty "ever shy and as quiet and adorable as a rabbit" preferred long skirts and blouses. She had medium length blonde hair and brown eyes, and tended to stick close to the braver Brooke.

All of these people were heading towards the same place "a combination high school/college campus in the city. They were all students there, and it was, for all intents and purposes, a regular school.

Of course, there were very few things in the Crossroads that stayed 'normal' for long.

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"Morning, girls!" Dante waved to the triplets. "Looking good today!"

The older twin wasn't at all surprised when Christie glomped Vergil. Neither was Vergil, as he had already put his ever-present book away and caught her.

"Good morning, Christine," he said. The girl smiled brightly.

"Morning Vergil!"

Dante rolled his eyes as he fell into step with the other two. Kim smiled at the man that was like a brother to them. "Good morning, Dante. Picked out your courses?"

"He'll probably take something that isn't too taxing," Abby remarked. "Like mechanics or something."

Dante blinked. "Well...yeah. I do want to build bikes for a living, y'know. I happen to be good with my hands."

Leon caught up to them, failed to stop in time, overshot them entirely, and ended up crashing into a signpost. Dante sweatdropped.

"There are less painful ways to stop, Whitewood," Abby said as she walked past the young man. Leon's reply was a pained grunt.

"Don't worry, my head took the brunt of the hit." Leon stood up, dusting himself off. "Glad I'm not as late as I thought I'd be. I kind of overslept."

Christie giggled. "Silly Leon! You should just nap in class, like always!"

"Yes," Vergil smirked, "or in the cafeteria, or on a table in the commons, or in a tree...come to think of it, is there any place you

_can't _fall asleep?"

"Well, I'd have fallen asleep in your ex-girlfriend's bed, but I don't date psychos," Leon grinned. Abby threw a book at the back of his head with unerring accuracy, knocking him down again. "Owww..."

Vergil walked past him, annoyed. "Idiot, I told you never to bring that up again."

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It happened as they were heading to the main office to register properly. A limo pulled up and the door opened. Dante's attention was snatched when a pair of beautiful female legs swung out of the door, followed by the rest of the girl. She wore a black knee-length skirt and red blouse, with high heels.

Dante forgot to turn a corner and walked into a wall. Vergil ignored his brother entirely and continued on. Abby knelt down and helped him up.

"Distracted, Dante?" she asked. "Uh, hey, I'm talking to...ooh, I see."

Dante was watching Barbara Gordon walk with Dick, Tim, and Bruce. Not that he noticed the men, he seemed totally fixated on the gorgeous redhead talking animatedly to the dark haired young man at her left.

Dante stood up. "Whoa, I wonder who that is?"

Abby rolled her eyes and walked off. "Dante's found somebody to gawk at," she said to her sisters. "And she's with Bruce Wayne."

She paused. "...Kim? Kim, you're staring at him."

Kim blinked and looked at her sister. "Hm? Sorry, what?"

Bruce and company passed them, and the billionaire seemed to notice Kim, smiling disarmingly at the girl. Kim blushed and looked away.

"Come on, we need to register," Abby pulled her sister off. "Then it's orientation and our first classes."

"Oh...right," Kim brought her focus back to the task at hand. "I know I have my notebook in here somewhere..."

Vergil and Christie were already at the building, registering as students formally. It wasn't long before the entire group of friends and siblings were registered, and then they were off to orientation. Dante tried to find a way to talk to Barbara, but Vergil dragged him to a different seat, oblivious to his brother's (latest) crush.

Or maybe he wasn't, and was just messing with Dante's thick head. Nobody could ever tell with the icy young man, who, in another life, could very easily have gone evil, raised a tower that acted as a portal to the demon world, and tried to kill his brother several times.

The dean of the college was an old fae, and he seemed to enjoy the sound of his own voice as his speech seemed to go on forever before they were finally let out to head to their first class.

"Geez, that guy could talk," Dante said as they walked. "I stopped paying attention halfway through."

Vergil had another book out. He was a big reader, and always had a book in his hand. "No, you were too busy staring at the redhead sitting next to the black-haired guy glaring at you for it," he said absently. "He might be her boyfriend."

"He might not," Dante replied, defensive. "If I could just talk to her..."

Abby poked him in the ribs. "You'll just say something stupid. Happens _all the time_ with us."

Dante brushed her hand away, sticking his tongue out. "Maybe being around you, _Abby_, drains my brainpower."

"..." Abby smashed a book over his head and walked off.

"Idiot," Vergil and Kim said at the same time.

"...why do I like the taste of my own foot so much?" Dante said from where he was face-down on the pavement.

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"There's been this guy looking at you _all day_," Dick said to Barbara at the end of the school day. "He could be dangerous."

Barbara rolled her eyes. "And he could be a perfectly nice guy that wants to ask me out," she said. "Dick, you're too protective."

"Hey, somebody has to look out for you."

They were walking towards the limo that was waiting for them. "Trust Bruce to sent a limo," Barbara said, sighing. "Like we didn't attract enough attention this morning, when he showed up himself."

"He did donate a lot of money to the science labs," Dick shrugged. "He had to make an appearance."

Barbara shrugged. "Guess we'll be doing some work tonight."

Dick nodded. "Probably. Get to know the city."

They got into the limo, and Dick closed the door before the car drove off.

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"That's it," Leon said, "if we're going to be lab partners you have to let _me_ _handle_ the measurements...and the chemicals..."

He trailed off as he watched Abby. "...I mean that in the most

respectful way possible, because let's face it...you once blew out the windows of our high school chemistry lab."

"Very funny, Whitewood," Abby replied hotly. "That happened _once_."

Leon leaned in close. "Right, _that_ _happened_ once. Shall we count the number of _other_ _incidents_ that resulted from your inability to follow instructions?"

"...my book bag is heavy, Whitewood. Don't make me give you a concussion. I'm not sure you can afford to lose the brain cells."

Kim ignored the two as she organised her notes while they waited for the bus. Vergil had offered Christie lunch at an all you can eat place, Dante had already left on his motorcycle, and she had spotted the limo leaving a few minutes ago.

The loud, heavy _thunk_ signalled the arrival of the foregone conclusion: Abby had hit Leon in the head with her book bag.

"You can _walk_ _home_, Whitewood!"

"Head...ringing... what do you have in that bag? Ten copies of the phonebook made out of _lead_?"

End
file.